

LEGENDARY 1950s EC COMICS!



NO. 14  
DEC



200  
275  
CANADA

# SHOCK

## SUSPENSTORIES



JOLTING TALES OF  
**TENSION**  
IN THE  
EC TRADITION!

# The ORPHAN

WELL, IT'S ALL OVER NOW. EVERYTHING WORKED OUT SWELL. BUT FOR A WHILE BACK THERE, IT LOOKED PRETTY BAD. I WAS AWFUL UNHAPPY. I USED TO CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP AT NIGHT. GOLLY, THERE WERE TIMES WHEN ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS CURL UP AND DIE, I WAS SO MISERABLE. WHY I... I... OH, BEE! I HAVEN'T EVEN TOLD YOU WHO I AM. MY NAME'S LUCK.. LUCY JOHNSON. I'M TEN YEARS OLD AND IN THE FOURTH GRADE. AND LIKE I SAID, UP TO A FEW WEEKS AGO, I WAS MISERABLE. IT WAS MY PARENTS. THEY WERE AWFUL TO ME. YOU SEE, MY DADDY WAS AN ALCOHOLIC...

SAM! YOU'RE DRUNK AGAIN!

SHO WHAT? WHAT ELSHE 'AVE I GOT IN LIFE? SURE I'M DRUNK! I LIKE T' GET DRUNK! I... I... SHAY! WHAT'S SHE DOIN' UP THISH TIME OF NIGHT? GET T' BED, YUH LIL' BRAT! WHASH YUH STARIN' AT? HUH? HUH?

I HEARD YOU COME IN, DADDY! I WANTED TO SEE IF YOU WERE ALL RIGHT!



DADDY WAS TERRIBLE WHEN HE WAS DRUNK. HE USED TO BEAT ME...

YER JUS' LIKE YER MOTHER. ALWAYS NAGGIN'! ALWAYS LECTURIN' ME! WELL, I'M ALL RIGHT. SHEE? NOW, GET T' BED...

OWWWWWN!

SOB...  
SOB...



AND MOM AND HIM USED TO ARGUE ALL THE TIME. MOSTLY ABOUT ME...

CANTCHA KEEP TH' BRAT IN BED WHEN SHE'S SUPPOSED T'BE IN BED? WHAT KIND OF A MOTHER ARE YUH, ANYWAY, MILLIE?

BEIN' A MOTHER WASN'T MY IDEA! IT WAS YOURS! I NEVER...



MOM NEVER WANTED ME, I GUESS. AND SHE'D ALWAYS BRING IT UP WHEN SHE AND DAD WOULD ARGUE. SHE'D ALWAYS BLAME HIM...

...AND IF YOU'D BEEN SOBER... INSTEAD OF STINKIN' DRUNK...

WELL THAT'S YOUR TOUGH LUCK. SO NOW THAT YOU GOT 'ER... TAKE CARE OF 'ER! ITSH YER DUTY!



AND YOUR DUTY IS TO BE A RESPECTABLE DECENT HUSBAND AND FATHER INSTEAD OF A DIRTY SLOPPY DRUNKEN BUM!

SOB... SOB...

I TOL' YOU T' GET T' BED!



LEAVE HER ALONE, SAM!

YOU KEEP OUT OF THISH, MILLIE! IF YOU CAN'T TEACH HER DISHAPLINE, I WILL!

NO! NO! PLEASE, DADDY! DON'T HIT ME...



LIKE I SAID, DADDY WAS AWFUL WHEN HE WAS DRUNK. HE USED TO BEAT ME BLACK AND BLUE...

TAKE THAT, Y'LIL' BRAT... AND THAT...

SAM! FOR GOD'S SAKE...



AND LIKE I SAID, SOMETIMES I USED TO CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP AT NIGHT... LISTENING TO THEM DOWNSTAIRS... YELLING AND SCREAMING...

SOB... SOB...

I'LL DO WHAT I LIKE...

YOU'LL BE A MOTHER TO THAT BRAT! THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL DO!



AND SOMETIMES I'D JUST WANTED TO CURL UP AND DIE...

WELL, IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE JOB I'M DOING, WHY DON'T YOU DIVORGE ME?! GET HER A NEW MOTHER!?

YOU'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T YOU? YOU'D LIKE TO BE FREE AGAIN? WELL, YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY THAT EASY, MILLIE!





I **HATED** THEM! I HATED THEM **BOTH!** I DON'T KNOW WHO I HATED **MORE...DADDY**, BECAUSE HE **BEAT ME** AND **YELLED AT ME** AND CAME HOME **DRUNK** ALL THE TIME... OR **MOM**, BECAUSE SHE NEVER **WANTED ME** AND NEVER SHOWED ME ANY **LOVE** AND WAS WILLING TO **GIVE ME UP...** JUST LIKE **THAT!**



ONCE, I RAN AWAY. I RAN AWAY TO MY MOTHER'S SISTER'S HOUSE WAY ACROSS TOWN...

WHY, LUCY!

SOB... SOB...  
AUNT  
KATE...



I **POURED OUT MY HEART** TO AUNT KATE. I TOLD HER THE WHOLE STORY...

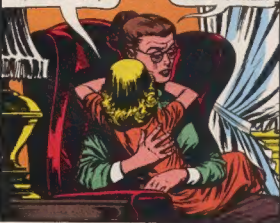
...AND... SOB... I'M **SO UNHAPPY**, AUNT KATE... **SO TERRIBLY UNHAPPY!**

WHY, YOU **POOR DEAR CHILD!**



PLEASE LET ME STAY HERE WITH YOU, AUNT KATE! PLEASE? YOU LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?

OF COURSE I LOVE YOU, DEAR... BUT... WELL... I'LL TALK TO THEM!



I REMEMBER THE DAY AUNT KATE CAME TO TALK TO MOMMY AND DADDY...

...IT'S **UNFAIR** TO THE CHILD, MILLIE. I CAN GIVE HER THE **LOVE AND AFFECTION SHE CRAVES!** LET ME **ADOPT HER!**

IF YOU **WANT THE KID**, YOU CAN HAVE HER, KATE!

**NO YOU DON'T, MILDRED!** YOU'RE **NOT** GONNA PULL ANY **FAST** ONES!



MOMMY WAS **MORE** THAN GLAD TO GET **RID** OF ME, BUT DADDY WOULDN'T **HEAR** OF IT. I **CRIED** SO...

THAT BRAT STAYS **HERE!** SHE BELONGS WITH HER **NATURAL MOTHER**. NO **DRIED UP OLD MAID'S** GONNA BRING UP **MY KID!**

PLEASE, DADDY! PLEASE LET ME GO LIVE WITH AUNTIE KATE!

SAM! HOW COULD YOU?



YOU KEEP **OUT** OF THIS, KATE! THIS IS BETWEEN **MILLIE** AND ME. IT'S **NONE** OF YOUR **BUSINESS**. THE BRAT STAYS! AN' **MILLIE** TAKES CARE OF HER LIKE A **MOTHER SHOULD!**

HE'S JUST BEING **SPITEFUL**, KATE! I'M **SORRY!**

I'M NOT **SORRY** FOR EITHER OF YOU, **MILLIE**. I'M **SORRY** FOR **LUCY!**



DADDY WOULDN'T *GIVE HIS CONSENT*, AND SO I COULDN'T *GO AND LIVE* WITH AUNTIE KATE. THAT'S *ALL* THERE WAS *TO IT!* AND THEN DADDY STARTED DRINKING WORSE. SOMETIMES HE WOULDN'T COME HOME AT ALL... FOR DAYS...

WHERE'RE YOU *GOING*, MOMMY?

I'M GOING *OUT*, LUCY! TO...TO LOOK FOR YOUR *FATHER!*



ONE NIGHT, AFTER DADDY HADN'T COME HOME AND MOMMY WENT OUT 'LOOKING', I WOKE UP TO THE SOUND OF SOFT GENTLE VOICES DOWNSTAIRS. I TIPTOED OUT OF MY ROOM. MOM WAS DOWN THERE IN THE HALL, SAYING GOOD-NIGHT TO SOMEBODY...

WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN, BABY?

I'LL CALL YOU, STEVE!



AFTER HE'D LEFT, MOMMY TURNED. SHE LOOKED SO PRETTY. ALL SMILES. I'D NEVER SEEN HER LOOK LIKE THAT.



WHO'S STEVE, MOMMY?

LUCY? WHY AREN'T YOU *SLEEPING?*



WHO'S STEVE, MOMMY?

MOMMY...MOMMY MET A VERY NICE MAN, DEAR. WE BECAME... VERY GOOD FRIENDS. HE... HE JUST BROUGHT ME HOME.



DOES DADDY KNOW STEVE, MOMMY?

ER... *NO*, DEAR! YOUR FATHER DOESN'T *KNOW* ABOUT HIM! YOU WON'T TELL HIM, *WILL* YOU? AT LEAST, *NOT YET!*



WHY NOT?

*BECAUSE*, DEAR... *MAYBE* MOMMY WILL *MARRY* STEVE! MOMMY ISN'T *SURE!* MOMMY WANTS TO *MAKE UP HER MIND!* YOU WON'T *TELL* DADDY ABOUT HIM UNTIL MOMMY IS *SURE*... *WILL YOU?*



WILL I MEET HIM, MOMMY?  
WILL I MEET STEVE?

WE'LL SEE, DEAR.  
NOW RUN ALONG  
UP TO BED!



LATER, I HEARD MOMMY CALL STEVE ON THE TELEPHONE...

YOU CAN COME HERE NOW, STEVE.  
THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO HIDE  
IT FROM HER ANY LONGER! BESIDES,  
SHE WANTS TO MEET YOU!

YES!...YES!...WELL,  
WE CAN'T AFFORD TO  
TAKE ANY CHANCES.



THE NEXT TIME DADDY DIDN'T COME  
HOME, STEVE CAME TO THE HOUSE.  
MOMMY LET ME STAY UP...

WELL, WELL! SO  
THIS IS LITTLE  
LUCY! SAY,  
AREN'T YOU A  
PRETTY LITTLE  
GIRL?

YES, DEAR!  
NICE, MOMMY!



STEVE WAS VERY SWEET TO ME. HE  
PATTED MY HEAD AND SMILED AND  
TOLD ME A STORY...

...SO THE PRINCE AND  
THE PRINCESS LIVED  
HAPPILY EVER  
AFTER!

ALL RIGHT,  
DEAR! TIME  
FOR BED!



HE EVEN KISSED ME GOOD-NIGHT...

G'NIGHT, KITTEN. AW  
HERE'S SOMETHING FOR  
TOMORROW. A DIME...  
FOR CANDY!

GEE!  
THANKS,  
STEVE!  
YOU'RE  
SWELL!



STEVE MADE ME SO HAPPY. I LIKED STEVE. I USED  
TO LIE AWAKE AND THINK OF HOW NICE IT WOULD  
BE IF HE WERE MY REAL FATHER...

YOU'D BETTER GO,  
STEVE! IT'S LATE!

OKAY, BABY! CALL  
ME THE NEXT TIME  
THE COAST IS CLEAR.



AND MOMMY... MOMMY WAS SO DIFFERENT TOO. SHE'D  
CHANGED SINCE SHE'D MET STEVE...

G'NIGHT, MOMMY!

GOOD NIGHT, DEAR! AND  
REMEMBER! STEVE IS  
OUR SECRET. YOURS AND  
MINE! YOU MUSTN'T TELL  
A SOUL! NOT EVEN DADDY!





AND WHEN DADDY WOULD COME HOME DRUNK AND SWEARING AND TREAT ME BAD, I DIDN'T CARE. I JUST THOUGHT OF MOMMY AND STEVE AND HOW THEY'D WORK THINGS OUT AFTER A WHILE AND THAT IT WOULDN'T BE LIKE THIS FOR ALWAYS...



AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, I AWOKE TO THE SOUND OF VOICES... MUFFLED VOICES... COMING FROM MOMMY'S BEDROOM...



I REMEMBER HOW I TIP-TOED TO MOMMY'S ROOM AND PEEKED IN THROUGH THE SLIGHTLY OPEN DOOR...



I LISTENED, MY HEART BEATING WILDLY IN MY CHEST...



THEY WEREN'T TAKING ME! THEY WERE RUNNING AWAY AND THEY WEREN'T TAKING ME...



I REMEMBER HOW I HAD TO CLAP MY HANDS OVER MY MOUTH TO KEEP FROM CRYING OUT LOUD... HOW I RAN BACK DOWN THE HALL AND FLUNG MYSELF ON THE BED AND LISTENED TO THEM PASS OUTSIDE MY ROOM AND GO DOWNSTAIRS...



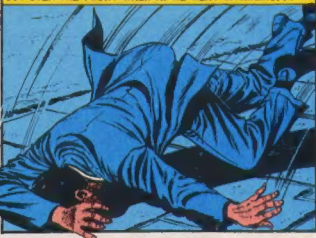
I REMEMBER LISTENING TO THE FRONT DOOR SLAM AND RUNNING TO THE FRONT BEDROOM WINDOW IN TIME TO SEE...



I REMEMBER HOW HE STARED AT THEM...AT MOMMY AND STEVE... WITH THE BAGS IN THEIR HANDS... HOW HE STARTED TO SPEAK...HOW THE GUNSHOT ECHOED INTO THE NIGHT...HOW DADDY'S EXPRESSION FROZE...



...HOW HE PITCHED FORWARD WITH THE BULLETHOLE IN HIS CHEST AND THE BLOOD GUSHING FROM IT AND POOLING OUT OVER THE FRONT WALK AS HE WENT SPRAWLING...



... HOW MOMMY SCREAMED... AND FAINTED...



... AND STEVE DROPPED THE BAGS AND RAN...



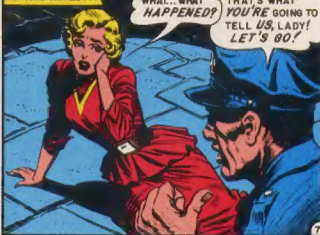
...AND THE POLICE SIREN WAILED FAR AWAY, COMING CLOSER... CLOSER... AS I CAME OUT THE FRONT DOOR...



THEY FOUND THE GUN IN MOMMY'S HAND, AND WE CRYING OVER MY DADDY'S BODY AS THEY DROVE UP IN THE SQUAD CAR...



BUT AN AMBULANCE WASN'T WHAT THEY NEEDED, DADDY WAS DEAD. THEY NEEDED A MORGUE-WAGON. MOMMY CAME TO AND ASKED...





THEY CAUGHT STEVE A FEW DAYS LATER OUTSIDE CHICAGO AND SHIPPED HIM BACK TO STAND TRIAL...ALONG WITH MOMMY...

...FOR THE **MALICIOUS AND PRE-MEDITATED MURDER** OF **SAMUEL JOHNSON**... AND THE STATE WILL **PROVE**, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, THAT IT WAS **MURDER** COMMITTED OUT OF **NEED**...OUT OF **DESIRE**... **GOLD AND CALCULATING**...



THE TRIAL WAS SHORT AND SWEET. THEY CALLED ME TO THE WITNESS STAND AND I TOLD THEM WHAT I'D SEEN...

DADDY WAS JUST COMING UP THE WALK WHEN THEY CAME OUT. HE SAW THEIR BAGS. HE WAS SO MAD. AND THEN... SOB... THE SHOT... SOB...



AND THE JURY BROUGHT IN THEIR VERDICT AFTER TWO HOURS...

WE FIND THE DEFENDANTS **GUILTY AS CHARGED!**



IN OUR STATE, **MURDERERS** DIE IN THE **ELECTRIC CHAIR**. MOMMY WENT FIRST...



... THEN STEVE...



SO LIKE I SAID IN THE **BEGINNING**... **EVERYTHING** WORKED OUT **SWELL**. I LIVE IN A **NICE HOUSE** NOW, WITH **NICE FURNITURE**. I HAVE ALL THE **TOYS** I WANT AND ALL THE **LOVE** I NEED. YOU SEE, THE **COURT SENT ME TO LIVE WITH AUNT KATE**...



... WHICH IS JUST THE WAY I'D **HOPED** IT WOULD WORK OUT WHEN I **SHOT DADDY** FROM THE **FRONT BEDROOM WINDOW** WITH THE GUN I **KNEW** WAS IN THE **NIGHT TABLE** AND WENT DOWNSTAIRS AND PUT THE GUN IN MOMMY'S HAND AND STARTED THE **CRYING ACT**...



THE  
END

# The WHIPPING

HE WAS A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, SLIGHTLY BALDING. HE STOOD BELOW THE GLARING STREET LAMP, NERVOUSLY SMOKING CIGARETTE AFTER CIGARETTE. FROM TIME TO TIME HE'D PEER INTO THE DARK NIGHT, UP AND DOWN THE DESERTED STREET, AS IF HE WERE EXPECTING SOMEONE OR SOMETHING. HE'D LISTEN FOR A MOMENT, CURSE SOFTLY TO HIMSELF, SHIFT THE WHITE ROBE AND HOOD HE'D BEEN HOLDING FROM ONE ARM TO THE OTHER, AND THEN CONTINUE TO ABSENTLY ROLL AND UNROLL THE THICK LEATHER STRAP HE'D BROUGHT ALONG FOR THE WHIPPING. AND AS HE FONDLED THE STRAP, HIS MOUTH DREW INTO A TIGHT LINE, AND HIS FACE GREW GRIM, AND A LOOK OF HATE SHOWN IN HIS ANGRY, ANGRY EYES...

JUST YOU WAIT. WE'RE COMING!  
IN A LITTLE WHILE, YOU'LL GET  
YOURS, YOU LITTLE SPICK. I'LL  
TEACH YOU TO PLAY AROUND WITH  
MY DAUGHTER...

HE STOOD IN THE LONELY, EMPTY NIGHT, HARBORING HIS FURY AND HIS HATE, AND HE THOUGHT ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER CRYING HER EYES OUT, AND SOBBING...

BUT I LOVE HIM,  
DADDY! DON'T YOU  
UNDERSTAND?  
I LOVE HIM!

LOVE HIM?? WELL, FOR-  
GET ABOUT IT! NO  
DAUGHTER OF MINE'S  
GOING TO RUN AROUND  
WITH NO GREASY  
MEXICAN.

HE'D TRIED TO DISCOURAGE HER FROM SEEING THE BOY. HE'D EVEN THREATENED HER...

YOU GO NEAR THAT HOUSE  
AGAIN AND, SO HELP ME, I'LL  
TAN YOUR HIDE! DO YOU  
HEAR? PROMISE ME!  
PROMISE ME YOU WON'T  
SEE HIM AGAIN!

I... I CAN'T  
PROMISE YOU...  
SOB... I WON'T...  
SOB... I LOVE  
HIM!

AND THEN HE REMEMBERED THE BEGINNING OF IT...SIX MONTHS AGO...WHEN THE SPANISH CATHOLIC FAMILY MOVED INTO THE HOUSE DOWN THE BLOCK...

SPICKS! FROM DOWNTOWN!

THEY'LL ALL BE MOVIN' UP, NOW! THE NEIGHBORHOOD'LL BE RUINED.

...HOW HE AND TWO OF HIS NEIGHBORS HAD GOTTEN TOGETHER...

WE GOTTA DISCOURAGE 'EM. WE GOTTA KEEP 'EM WHERE THEY BELONG!

LET ONE OF 'EM OPEN THE GATE, AND THEY'LL ALL POUR THROUGH!

WE GOTTA SHUT IT... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...

...HOW THEY'D DECIDED...

WHAT WE NEED IS A VIGILANTE SOCIETY. YOU KNOW! A GROUP THAT PROTECTS OUR INTERESTS!

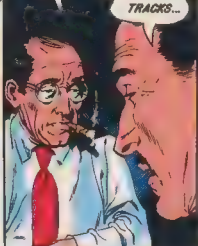
WE COULD ALL BELONG! NO ONE WOULD KNOW OUR IDENTITY...

WE COULD WEAR HOODS...

...AND WE COULD STOP THOSE DIRTY SPICKS IN THEIR TRACKS...

THEN IT'S AGREED? WE FORM A GROUP AND WE DRIVE 'EM OUT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD?

YEAH!



HE REMEMBERED HOW THE THREE OF THEM HAD APPROACHED OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY...

WHEN WE GET ENOUGH GUYS, WE'LL BURN A CROSS ON THEIR LAWN. IF THAT DON'T CONVINCE 'EM, WE'LL RAID 'EM ONE NIGHT AND TAKE 'EM OUT AN' WHIP 'EM. WHA'D'YA SAY, GEORGE?

I I DON'T KNOW, BOYS. I'M ALL FOR KEEPING THEM OUT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD... BUT A HOODED SOCIETY? I DON'T KNOW...



...AND HOW, ALTHOUGH THE SPARK WAS THERE, THEY'D BEEN UNABLE TO FAN IT INTO A ROARING FIRE...

CRIPES! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? DO YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR KIDS PLAYIN' WITH THEIR KIDS...YOUR DAUGHTERS GOIN' OUT WITH THEIR SONS?

AW, THEY BEEN KEEPIN' PRETTY MUCH TO THEMSELVES, ED. BESIDES... IT'S ONLY ONE FAMILY! THEY'RE NOT HURTIN' ANYBODY!





YES, THE SPANISH PEOPLE HAD MOVED IN! AND, ALTHOUGH HE AND HIS FRIENDS HAD TRIED HARD TO WHIP THE NEIGHBORHOOD INTO ACTION, THEY'D REMAINED... UNMOLESTED...



I TELL YOU, IT'S A CRYIN' SHAME! A BUNCH OF YELLOW-BELLIES, THAT'S WHAT THE REST OF THE GUYS AROUND HERE ARE...

YOU'LL SEE! THEY'LL WAKE UP!

YEAH! WHEN IT'S TOO LATE!

HE REMEMBERED HOW HE'D COMPLAINED TO HIS WIFE...

CAN YOU IMAGINE? ME AND WILLIE AND PHIL ARE THE ONLY GUYS THAT WANT TO DO ANYTHING. THE REST OF THE MEN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD ARE SCARED STIFF.

PERHAPS IT'S BETTER THAT WAY, ED. MAYBE YOU'LL KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE...



HE REMEMBERED HOW AMY, HIS DAUGHTER, HAD COME HOME ONE NIGHT AND ANNOUNCED HAPPILY...



THE CUTEST FELLOW MOVED INTO THAT HOUSE DOWN THE BLOCK. HE'S SO GOOD-LOOKING...

YOU MEAN ONE OF THOSE SPICKS

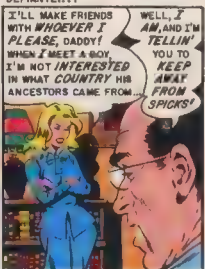
...AND HOW SHE'D LOOKED AT HIM AS IF SHE'D SEEN HER FATHER FOR THE FIRST TIME...



DADDY! THAT'S NOT A NICE WORD...

THEY AIN'T NICE PEOPLE! YOU KEEP AWAY FROM HIM, YOU HEAR?

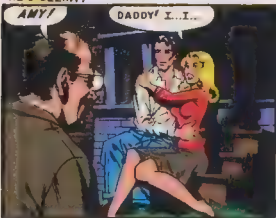
...HOW SHE'D CROSSED HER ARMS DEFIANTLY...



I'LL MAKE FRIENDS WITH WHOEVER I PLEASE, DADDY! WHEN I MEET A BOY, I'M NOT INTERESTED IN WHAT COUNTRY HIS ANCESTORS CAME FROM.

WELL, I AM, AND I'M TELLIN' YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM SPICKS!

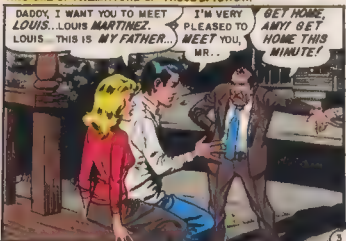
AND THEN HE REMEMBERED HOW, MONTHS LATER, HE'D COME HOME LATE FROM THE OFFICE ONE NIGHT... AND AS HE'D PASSED THAT HOUSE, HE'D BEEN...



AMY!

DADDY! I... I...

THEY'D BEEN KISSING... ON THE STEPS... HIS DAUGHTER, AND ONE OF THEM... ONE OF THOSE SPICKS...



DADDY, I WANT YOU TO MEET LOUIS... LOUIS MARTINEZ. LOUIS THIS IS MY FATHER...

I'M VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR..

GET HOME, AMY! GET HOME THIS MINUTE!

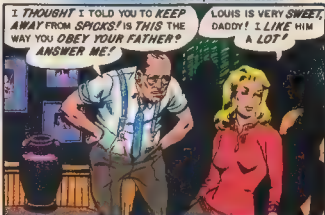
HE REMEMBERED HOW HE HAD FELT HIS BLOOD RUN HOT...POUNDING INTO HIS FACE...CARRYING WITH IT THE COLOR OF HIS FURY...ANGRY RED...PURPLE RAGE...



I...I HAVE TO GO NOW,  
LOUIS. GOOD-BYE...

I'LL... SEE YOU,  
AMY!

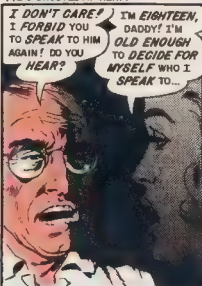
ALL THE WAY HOME, HIS RAGE HAD SEETHED WITHIN HIM. HE'D KISSED HER! HE OF THE OLIVE SKIN AND THE RAVEN HAIR HAD DARED TO TOUCH HIS WHITE WHITE DAUGHTER. BY THE TIME THEY'D REACHED THE HOUSE, HE'D EXPLODED...



I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO KEEP  
AWAY FROM SPICKS! IS THIS THE  
WAY YOU OBEY YOUR FATHER?  
ANSWER ME!

LOUIS IS VERY SWEET,  
DADDY! I LIKE HIM  
A LOT!

HE'D SHOUTED AT HER...



I DON'T CARE!  
I FORBID YOU  
TO SPEAK TO HIM  
AGAIN! DO YOU  
HEAR?

I'M EIGHTEEN,  
DADDY! I'M  
OLD ENOUGH  
TO DECIDE FOR  
MYSELF WHO I  
SPEAK TO...

AND THEN, HE'D SEEN RED. HE'D LASHED OUT, STRIKING HER...

AS LONG AS YOU'RE  
LIVING IN MY HOUSE,  
I'LL DECIDE WHO YOU'LL  
SPEAK TO...



OWWW  
WWW!

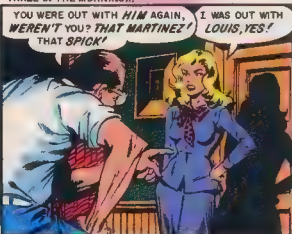
AND SHE'D CRIED AND SOBBED.

BUT I LOVE HIM,  
DADDY! DON'T YOU  
UNDERSTAND?  
I LOVE HIM!

NO DAUGHTER  
OF MINE'S  
GOING TO RUN  
AROUND WITH  
NO GREASY  
MEXICAN...



HE'D TRIED TO DISCOURAGE HER. HE'D THREATENED HER. BUT TO NO AVAIL. ONE NIGHT, AMY'D COME HOME AFTER THREE IN THE MORNING...



YOU WERE OUT WITH HIM AGAIN,  
WEREN'T YOU? THAT MARTINEZ!  
THAT SPICK!

I WAS OUT WITH  
LOUIS, YES!

AND SO, HE'D MADE UP HIS MIND...

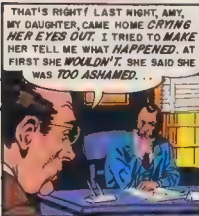
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT MARTINEZ.  
I'VE GOT TO MAKE THAT BLASTED SPICK  
FAMILY MOVE AWAY! BUT HOW? HOW?

THE OTHER  
GUYS AROUND  
WON'T HELP!  
THEY'RE NOT  
EVEN ANGRY!  
THEY'RE...  
THEY'RE...



...AND THEN HE'D THOUGHT OF A WAY TO GET THE NEIGHBORHOOD MEN ANGRY... ANGRY ENOUGH TO ACT...

SO HE'D GONE TO THEM...ONE AT A TIME. HE'D PICKED THE ONES WITH DAUGHTERS, FIRST. THEY'D BE THE EASIEST TO RILE. AND HE'D EMOTED HIS WELL-PLANNED STORY...



HE'D GONE FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE, ASKING FOR THE MEN, SPEAKING TO THEM ALONE, TELLING THEM EACH HIS SHOCKING NEWS...

... THEN, I FINALLY GOT IT **WHAT?** OUT OF HER. SHE WAS PASSING THAT **SPICK** HOUSE LAST NIGHT, AND THE **BOY**... THAT **LOUIS**... HE GRABBED HER.

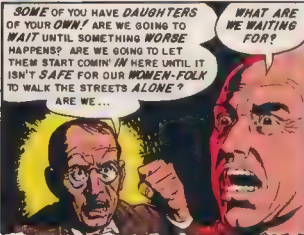


... ANGERING THEM... FRIGHTENING THEM. STIRRING THEM INTO ACTION... PRODDING THEM TOWARD VIOLENCE...

... HE CALLED MY LITTLE GIRL **FOUL NAMES**. HE DID THINGS WITH HIS **HANDS**. HE PROBABLY WOULD HAVE DONE **WORSE** IF SHE HADN'T FOUGHT HIM OFF



AND THIS EVENING, HE'D GOTTEN THEM ALL TOGETHER ... SHOCKED MEN TO WHOM HE'D TOLD HIS SHOCKING LIES...



SOME OF YOU HAVE DAUGHTERS OF YOUR OWN! ARE WE GOING TO WAIT UNTIL SOMETHING WORSE HAPPENS? ARE WE GOING TO LET THEM START COMIN' IN HERE UNTIL IT ISN'T SAFE FOR OUR WOMEN-FOLK TO WALK THE STREETS ALONE? ARE WE...

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

SO THEY'D AGREED AT LAST TO ACT... TO BAND TOGETHER... TO HIDE BEHIND PILLOW CASE HOODS AND BED-SHEET ROBES AND DRIVE THE INTRUDER FROM THEIR STREET...



WE'LL MEET AT TWO A.M... ON THE CORNER. BRING STRAPS... CLUBS... ANYTHING! WE'LL TEACH THEM...

LET'S GO! WE'VE ALL GOT WORK TO DO!

AND NOT A WORD... TO ANY-ONE... NOT EVEN THE WOMEN!

NOW HE STOOD BELOW THE GLARING STREET LAMP, HIS ROBE AND HOOD WITH THE CRUDELY CUT EYE-HOLES IN ONE HAND, A BURNED DOWN CIGARETTE IN THE OTHER, PEERING INTO THE BLACKNESS... LISTENING...



IT'S ALMOST TIME! THEY SHOULD BE HERE... ANY MINUTE... ANY MINUTE.

AND THEN THEY STARTED TO APPEAR... THE OTHERS... THE ANGRY MEN... WITH THEIR WHIPS AND BLACKJACKS AND ROPES AND SACKS... AND THEIR BEDSHEET COSTUMES, WHITE AND PURE... LIKE THIS WHITE AND PURE THING THEY WERE ABOUT TO DO...



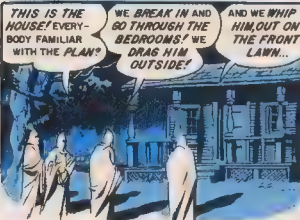
EVERYBODY'S HERE!

OKAY! LET'S PUT ON OUR HOODS.

AND REMEMBER! NO NAMES!



THEY MOVED THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS, LIKE GHOSTS...PHANTOM FIGURES ON A PHANTOM MISSION. FOR ISN'T THE BASIS OF MOST HATRED AND INTOLERANCE BUT FANTASY...



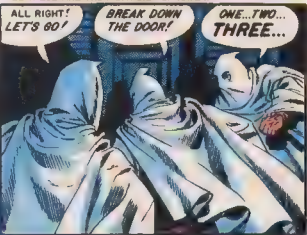
THEY ARE THE DELUSIONS OF THE BIGOT...THE EXAGGERATIONS OF THOSE WHO DESIRE TO EXAGGERATE...THE CONCEPTIONS OUT OF DARKNESS OF THOSE WHO WOULD THROW US INTO DARKNESS AS THESE MEN NOW PROBE IN DARKNESS...SEARCHING FOR THEIR FANTASY ENEMIES...THE OLIVE SKIN...THE DARK HAIR...THE ACCENT...



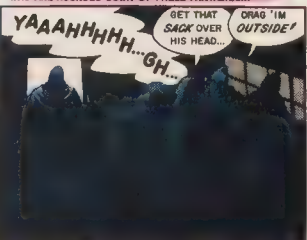
WHITE GHOSTS IN THE DARK NIGHT...DRAGGING THEIR VICTIM OUT OF HIS BED...OUT OF THE SECURITY OF HIS HOME...OUT INTO THE DARKNESS...



THE FICTION OF DIFFERENTLY COLORED SKIN...THE ABSURDITY OF ODDLY SHAPED FACIAL FEATURES...THE ILLUSION OF STRANGE ACCENTS...THE MYTH OF UNFAMILIAR RELIGIONS. ALL THESE ARE THE FANTASIES OF HATE...



AND FROM THE DARKNESS, TOO, COME THE SCREAMS OF THE PERSECUTED...THE ANGUISHED CRIES OF PAIN OF THOSE WHO ARE HOUNDED DOWN BY THESE FANTASIES...



THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN...THE SLIGHTLY BALDING ONE...THE MAN WITH THE GRIM FACE, NOW HIDDEN BEHIND THE WHITE MASK...THE ONE CALLED ED...THE PERPETRATOR...THE CREATOR OF THE FANTASY...STEPPED FORWARD, UNROLLING HIS STRAP...



THE STRAP...THE WEAPON OF HIS DELUSION...  
THE REVOLVER OF HIS HATE... THE PUNCTUATOR  
OF HIS FICTION... ROSE AND FELL... AGAIN AND  
AGAIN... BRINGING DOWN UPON HIS FANTASY THE  
REALITY OF PAIN...



DIRTY...UHH... LITTLE...  
UHH... SPICK...

SAVAGE, WILD, ANGRY ANGRY STROKES FELL UPON A BAGGED  
VICTIM...A VICTIM UNABLE TO DEFEND HIMSELF AGAINST THAT  
FANTASY...UNABLE TO CRY OUT.. UNABLE TO BE HEARD...A VICTIM  
LIKE ALL VICTIMS OF INTOLERANCE...



UHH...UHH...UHH

ALL RIGHT, ED!  
THAT'S ENOUGH!

THE WHIP-WIELDER SWUNG OUT,  
STRIKING THE OBJECTOR ACROSS  
HIS HOODED FACE, AND THE PAIN  
WAS FELT BENEATH THE COVERING...



I TOLD  
YOU! NO  
NAMES!

YOU...  
OW! FXX!

THE OBJECTOR MOVED OFF, WHIMPERING...  
STUNG BY HIS OWN WORK...  
SUFFERING THE PAIN OF HIS OWN  
MISSION. HE'D OBJECTED, YEAH! BUT  
HE'D OBJECTED TOO LATE. THE  
WHIP-WIELDER RETURNED TO HIS  
VICTIM...



UHH...UHH...UHH.

AND THE VICTIM FELL BENEATH  
THE ONSLAUGHT AND LAY STILL AND  
UNMOVING IN THE COOL GRASS...

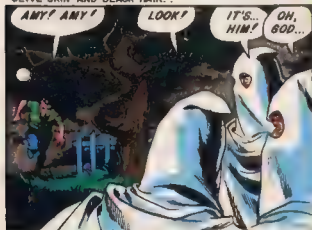


ED! HE HE'S  
DEAD!

YOU  
YOU  
KILLED  
HIM!

SHUT  
UP!  
LET'S  
GO!

THE SCREAM CAME FROM DOWN THE BLOCK. THE FIGURE  
DARTED TOWARD THEM. THE FIGURE OF A BOY WITH  
OLIVE SKIN AND BLACK HAIR...



AMY! AMY!

LOOK!

IT'S...  
HIM!

OH,  
GOD...

THE BOY KNELT BESIDE THE STILL FIGURE AND TENDERLY  
REMOVED THE SACK AND GAG AND KISSED THE WIDE  
STARING EYES AND WHITE DEAD FACE AND HE CRIED  
QUIETLY...

WE. WE WERE MARRIED...  
SECRETLY! SHE WAS WAITING  
FOR ME... TO GET HOME...  
FROM WORK... SOB...

AMY! AMY! OH  
LORD! I'VE  
KILLED MY  
DAUGHTER!



THE  
END 7



# SLAUGHTER!



Little Petie Dildo was barely five years old: his voice, when raised in terror, was blood-curdling. His screams of anguish, when he stumbled or cut himself, had been known to strike terror to neighbors miles away, and to set domestic animals to lowing in the fields.

Petie had just come hurtling into the Dildo barn, his raucous voice crescendoing like the wail of a banshee. Tears cascaded from his eyes and his lower lip trembled violently. "O-over to Winsted's place," he screamed. "He's killing all the BABIES!"

Leathery Alfonso Dildo gulped, grabbed his double-barreled shotgun and raised his eyes heavenward. He knew it was bound to come . . . he'd never liked that Winsted feller from the moment he had moved into the valley. Winsted had mean eyes and narrow lips . . . he swung a mighty harsh whip at his draught-horses. A farmer who'd slash at beasts might also be capable of murdering his own three children!

Alfonso Dildo gulped and started off at a resolute gallop, heading toward the Winsted place with little Petie churning along behind him. Across several stone walls the elder Dildo vaulted, his determinations and horror growing with each passing second. "I allus thought Winsted was loony," he thought. "Now he's gone stark, raving mad . . . probably murdering them three kids fer the insurance money!"

At last, with a gasp and a stagger, the two Dildo's sprinted toward the open Winsted barn. One step inside was enough for Alfonso; the sawdust

was swimming in rich red blood, and there was a shattering squeal of agony. Dildo stared with bulging eyes; even as the marfiac raised his axe high overhead he was singing aloud. Then the jagged weapon crashed down with great savagery and a death-shriek hung hideously in the still air. Alfonso knotted his weather-toughened hands to stop his body from trembling. "The BABIES!" little Petie was wailing. "He . . . he's killing them all!"

Dildo felt his flesh crawling with horror. He could stand it no longer: he swung the shotgun up to his shoulder, sighted along its rusted length and pressed the hooked trigger. There was a deafening blast; Winsted whirled as if struck by lightning, spun around so that he faced Dildo in open-mouthed shock, then crumpled forward on his face, sprawling full-length in the bloody sawdust.

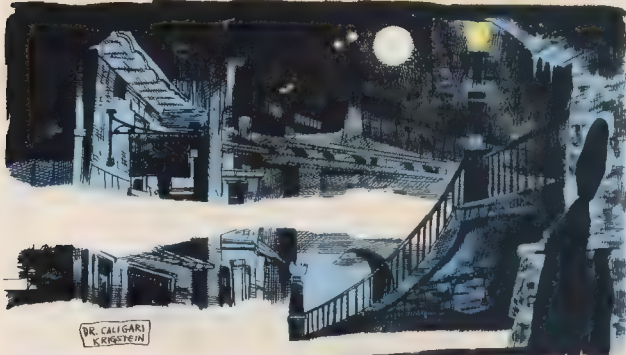
Dildo flung away the gun and hurtled forward. The block Winsted had been using for his fiendish slaughter was awash in glistening blood. If only he wasn't too late . . .

A squealing piglet jumped down from the block and zigzagged frantically through Dildo's legs. Alfonso stopped and his eyes almost rolled back in upon themselves so great was his astonishment. There on the floor lay the bodies of Winsted's tiny, defenseless victims . . . the brutally murdered babies he was butchering with such devilish glee. Their flesh was already stiffening, those three little pigs Winsted had been readying for the dinner table . . .



# YOU, MURDERER

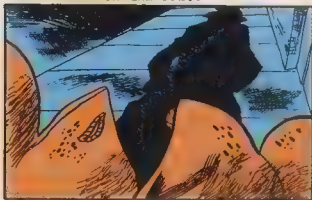
DON'T YOU REMEMBER? DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW DISMAL AND CHILLY IT WAS LAST NIGHT WHEN YOU WENT OUT FOR A WALK? DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE WHISPY FOG HANGING EERILY HERE AND THERE OVER THE DAMP DESERTED STREET... THE BLOATED MOON APPEARING AND DISAPPEARING IN THE CLOUD-SHROUDED SKY... HOW YOU SHIVERED AND WENT ON? THEN LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED.



DR. CALIGARI  
KRISTEIN

YOU MADE YOUR WAY ALONG THE DARK, EMPTY STREET, LISTENING TO THE ECHOES OF YOUR FOOTSTEPS BOUNCING OFF THE EXPRESSIONLESS FACES OF THE BUILDINGS, WATCHING YOUR SHADOW RIPLE AND TWIST AND LENGTHEN AHEAD OF YOU AS YOU MOVED AWAY FROM EACH DIM LAMPOST...

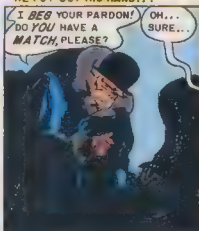
SURELY YOU RECALL STEPPING OFF THE CURB... YOUR FOOT SLOSHING INTO THE DARK PUDDLE... THE SPLASH... THE SOAKING SENSATION AS THE MUDDY WATER RUSHED INTO YOUR SHOE... HOW YOU CURSED ALOUD IN ANNOYANCE...



FOR A LONG WHILE, THERE WASN'T A SOUL IN SIGHT. REMEMBER? AND THEN YOU SAW THE HUNCHED LITTLE FIGURE APPEAR OUT OF THE MISTY GLOOM AHEAD. HE DRAGGED TOWARD YOU... MISSHAPEN... BENT... GNARLED...



SOMEHOW, INSTINCTIVELY, YOU TRIED TO AVOID HIM, BUT HE TURNED TOWARD YOU WITH A CROOKED, LEERING SMILE. YOU WANTED TO HURRY PAST HIM BUT HE PUT OUT HIS HAND...



I BEG YOUR PARDON!  
DO YOU HAVE A  
MATCH, PLEASE?

OH...  
SURE...

DON'T YOU REMEMBER FUMBLING THROUGH YOUR POCKETS, TAKING OUT THE BOOK OF MATCHES, LIGHTING ONE, AND CUPPING YOUR HANDS AROUND THE DANCING FLAME AS HE STABBED HIS EVIL-SWELLING GEAR INTO IT...



HERE YOU ARE...

MMMM!

AS HE DREW HIS HEAD BACK, YOU DID NOT TOSS THE MATCH TO THE WET SIDEWALK. YOU HELD IT THERE... THE FLAME CRAWLING DOWN THE WAXED CARDBOARD SHAFT. HIS EYES... HIS EYES BLAZED AT YOU IN THE ORANGE GLARE... BLAZED WITH A PECULIAR INTENSITY AND HIS VOICE WAS SOFT AND COMPELLING...



WAIT! DON'T MOVE! LOOK AT ME!  
LOOK INTO MY EYES!

HUH?

HOW COULD YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN THOSE EYES? OWL EYES... EVIL EYES... THAT SEEMED TO LOOM LARGER AND LARGER... BURNING, BURNING EYES...



LOOK INTO MY EYES! DON'T TURN  
AWAY YOU CAN'T TURN AWAY. LOOK DEEP!  
DEEPER...

AND THE NIGHT SPUN AROUND YOU. THE MIST SWIRLED AND EDDIED AS, IN YOUR BRAIN, A MENTAL FOG NOW SWIRLED AND EDDIED. YOUR MIND SANK INTO A SPIRALING POOL... DOWN... DOWN. DESPERATELY YOU TRIED TO SHIELD YOURSELF FROM THOSE FIERCE COMPELLING EYES...



TAKE YOUR HANDS AWAY!  
PUT THEM DOWN! IT'S USELESS  
NOW... USELESS TO TRY TO FIGHT...

YOU DROPPED YOUR HANDS... OBEDIENTLY... LIKE A STUPID CHILD. HE WAS RIGHT. IT WAS NO USE TRYING TO FIGHT NOW. IT WAS TOO LATE. YOU WERE IN HIS POWER... HELPLESS... UNDER HIS SPELL...



CHILD'S PLAY! ON STAGE, I AM KNOWN AS  
'PROFESSOR GALBY,' THE WORLD'S GREATEST  
HYPNOTIST. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. I PICKED  
THE FIRST PERSON WHO CAME ALONG  
FOR THIS. YOU SHALL PERFORM,  
SHALL WE SAY AN ERRAND FOR  
ME? YOU SHALL COMMIT  
MURDER FOR ME!

**MURDER!?** EVEN THAT HIDEOUS WORD COULD NOT SHOCK YOU OUT OF YOUR TRANCE. YOU LISTENED, DUMBLY... THOUGH YOUR STOMACH CONVULSED WITH EACH WORD OF HIS DIABOLICAL PLAN...

MY WIFE LEFT ME... FOR ANOTHER MAN... A MAN WITH A TALL, STRAIGHT BODY... NOT LIKE MINE! I WANT REVENGE. NO! NOT BY KILLING HER...



BY KILLING HIM... IN FRONT OF HER EYES! HIS NAME IS JOHN STORCH. HE LIVES AT 188 OAK DRIVE. YOU WILL GO THERE... NOW... AND KILL HIM... KILL HIM IN MY PLACE. UNDERSTAND?

Y-YES! I UNDERSTAND!



YOU COULD ONLY ANSWER MECHANICALLY... LIKE A PUPPET. YOUR VOICE SOUNDED STRANGE AND FAR AWAY. YOU LISTENED. SOMEWHERE, INSIDE YOU... A REBELLION STARTED...

YOU WILL GO TO HIS GARAGE FIRST! THERE'S AN OLD RUSTING TIRE CHAIN THERE. YOU WILL GET IT. YOU WILL ENTER THE HOUSE AND BEAT HIM TO DEATH WITH THE CHAIN!

NO! I WON'T...



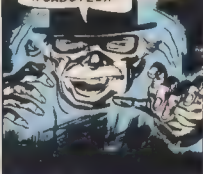
FOR ONE WONDERFUL MOMENT, YOU ALMOST BROKE FREE OF THE SPELL

ALL RIGHT! I KNOW! HYPNOTISM CAN NEVER FORCE A SUBJECT TO VIOLATE HIS OWN MORAL CODE... COMMIT A CRIME HE DOES NOT HIMSELF DESIRE TO COMMIT! I KNOW! BUT IF THE CRIME IS SUITABLY DISGUISED, THEN THE SUBJECT CAN BE TRICKED INTO IT!



DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW HIS EYES CAME CLOSER, BORING INTO YOURS WITH FLAMING INTENSITY AS HE USED A NEW DECEPTION TO SEND YOU TO HIS WILL...

FORGET WHAT I SAID BEFORE. FORGET! NOW, LISTEN TO THIS! AT 188 OAK DRIVE YOU WILL FIND A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL... A SPY... A COMMUNIST SPY... A SABOTEUR!



...NOW HIS WORDS INFLAMED YOU...

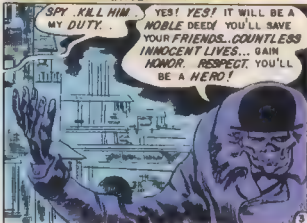
RIGHT AT THIS MOMENT, HE IS ASSEMBLING AN ATOMIC BOMB. HE INTENDS TO BLOW UP THE ENTIRE DOWNTOWN AREA OF THIS CITY. THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WILL BE KILLED. IT IS YOUR DUTY TO STOP THIS MAN. IT IS YOUR PATRIOTIC DUTY TO KILL HIM WITH THE CHAIN!



...NOW YOU FELT SUDDENLY ANGRY... DETERMINED? YOU WANTED TO DO THIS THING, AS ANY GOOD AMERICAN WOULD. YOU WERE EAGER NOW...

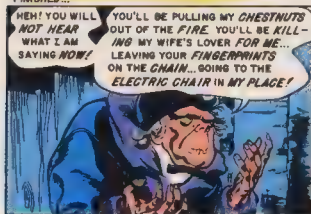
SPY. KILL HIM MY DUTY.

YES! YES! IT WILL BE A NOBLE DEED! YOU'LL SAVE YOUR FRIENDS... COUNTLESS INNOCENT LIVES... GAIN HONOR. RESPECT. YOU'LL BE A HERO!

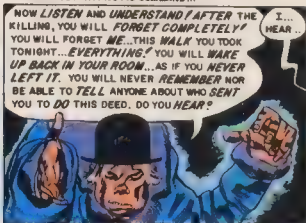




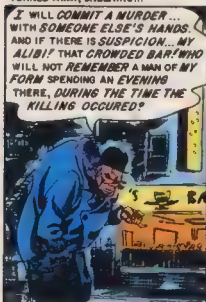
YOU HEARD THE GLOATING CHUCKLE OF THE HUNCHED LITTLE FIEND, HIS WICKED WEB-SPINNING NEARLY FINISHED...



AND THEN, HE COMPLETED HIS WEB OF EVIL WITH HIS CLEVER POST-HYPNOTIC COMMAND...



THE EVIL STUMPED LITTLE MAN TURNED AWAY, SNEERING...



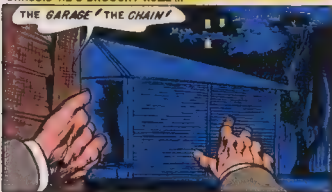
BUT HIS WORDS MEANT NOTHING TO YOU. YOUR BRAIN WAS ALREADY BURNING WITH THE ONE CONSUMING COMPELLING THOUGHT, INFLAMED BY HIS FINAL WORDS AS HE LIMPED AWAY TO THE BAR...



DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU WERE PANTING WHEN YOU REACHED THE ADDRESS HE'D GIVEN YOU? YOU CREEPT TO A LIGHTED CELLAR WINDOW, PEERED INSIDE, SAW HIM THERE, WORKING ON THE BOMB...



OF COURSE YOU COULD NOT REALIZE HOW THE TWISTED CREATURE WITH THE TWISTED MIND HAD FOOLED YOU... FITTING IT INTO HIS DECEPTION. JOHN STORCH WAS A RADIO REPAIR MAN. THE DANGEROUS 'BOMB' HE WAS TINKERING WITH WAS A T.V. CHASSIS HE'D BROUGHT HOME...



YOU STUMBLED TO THE GARAGE... PULLED OPEN THE DOOR QUIETLY... STEPPED INSIDE. THE CHAIN WAS THERE JUST LIKE HE SAID IT WOULD BE. YOU REACHED FOR IT, YOUR HEART POUNDING IN YOUR CHEST...



CHAIN IN HAND, YOU CREPT CAUTIOUSLY TO A WINDOW...OPENED IT...



DON'T YOU REMEMBER HOW YOUR HEART BEAT WILDLY AS YOU CAME DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS AND YOU WONDERED IF HE'D HEAR THEM CREAKING BENEATH YOUR WEIGHT...



BUT HE WAS TOO ENGROSSSED IN HIS WORK.. HIS DEVILISH WORK. YOU SAW JOHN STORCH, HONEST CITIZEN, AS AN ENEMY AGENT, BENT ON KILLING THOUSANDS. ANGER FLOODED OVER YOU. YOU LASHED THE CHAIN AT HIM LIKE A HEAVY, HEAVY WHIP...



HE TURNED IN SURPRISE... HIS BODY TWITCHING FROM THE STINGING PAIN. HE TRIED TO PLEAD WITH YOU...



BUT YOU DID NOT LISTEN TO HIS LIES... HIS WEAK FUMBLING PROTESTS. YOU KNEW HIM FOR WHAT HE WAS... A COMMUNIST SPY, A RED AGENT. IT WAS YOUR PATRIOTIC DUTY TO SWING THE CHAIN AGAIN... AND AGAIN... AND AGAIN...



YOU IGNORED THE WOMAN'S SCREAMS... DID NOT HEAR HER FAINT, AND TUMBLE DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS. YOU FINISHED YOUR JOB AS A LOYAL AMERICAN... BEATING THE BLOODY CHAIN DOWN...

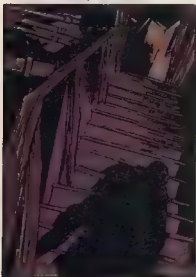


HIS SHRIEKS DIED TO A BUBBLING MOAN... THEN A FINAL DEATH RATTLE. BUT YOU DID NOT STOP, YOU DID NOT STOP SWINGING THE CHAIN UNTIL THE THING ON THE FLOOR WAS NOTHING BUT A MASS OF OOZING SCARLET PULP. THEN YOU FLUNG THE CHAIN AT IT...



THE INCRIMINATING CHAIN... WITH YOUR FINGERPRINTS ALL OVER IT...

IT WAS DONE. YOU CLIMBED THE CELLAR STAIRS, WEARILY...

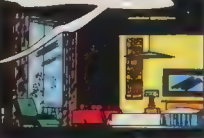


...LEFT THE HOUSE, AND WENT OUT INTO THE DAMP MISTY NIGHT.



YOU MADE YOUR WAY HOME...TO YOUR ROOM. AND THEN, SUDDENLY YOUR MIND WASHED CLEAN...WENT BLANK...THE MEMORY OF ALL THE HORROR THAT HAD HAPPENED PREVIOUSLY WAS SUDDENLY ERASED. YOU WERE STANDING INSIDE YOUR ROOM...

NOW, WHAT WAS IT I WANTED TO DO? I...I STARTED TO DO SOMETHING! I...I...OH, NOW I REMEMBER! I WANTED TO GO FOR A WALK! BUT... YAWWNN...IT'S TOO LATE...



YOU WERE AWAKE NOW...SNAPPED FROM YOUR HYPNOTIC TRANCE. THE FINAL POST-HYPNOTIC COMMAND HAD TAKEN OVER...WIPING AWAY ALL MEMORY OF THE FOUL DEED AND YOUR MEETING WITH THE HUNCHED LITTLE MAN. YOU CRAWLED INTO YOUR BED...EXHAUSTED! AND WAS IT ANY WONDER?...



OF COURSE YOU REMEMBER THE REST...SLEEPING PEACEFULLY...AWAKENING FRESH AND EAGER THIS MORNING...BLANCING CASUALLY AT THE MORNING PAPER...

## BRUTAL MURDER

### JOHN STORCH KILLED

LAST NIGHT, THIS MILD LITTLE T.V. REPAIR MAN WAS BRUTALLY BEATEN TO DEATH BY A KILL-CRAZED MANIAC WITH A CHAIN. MRS. IMMA GALBY, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS HYPNOTIST, WITNESSED THE MURDER AND CAN IDENTIFY THE KILLER. FINGERPRINTS WERE FOUND ON THE MURDER WEAPON, WHICH WAS TAKEN FROM THE VICTIM'S OWN GARAGE. WHAT MRS. GALBY WAS DOING IN THE VICTIM'S HOME IS AN INTERESTING SIDELIGHT IN THIS CASE. THIS REPORTER WILL ATTEMPT TO UNCOVER...



WHAT? YOU DIDN'T LOOK AT THE PAPER THIS MORNING? YOU DIDN'T READ ABOUT THE BRUTAL MURDER? WELL, READ IT, MY FRIEND! READ ABOUT THE MURDER YOU COMMITTED... LAST NIGHT... WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE SAFE AT HOME. THEY'RE LOOKING FOR YOU. THEY'LL FIND YOU... ANY MOMENT NOW... ARREST YOU... MATCH YOUR FINGERPRINTS WITH THOSE ON THE CHAIN. DON'T YOU REMEMBER DOING IT? DON'T YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING?



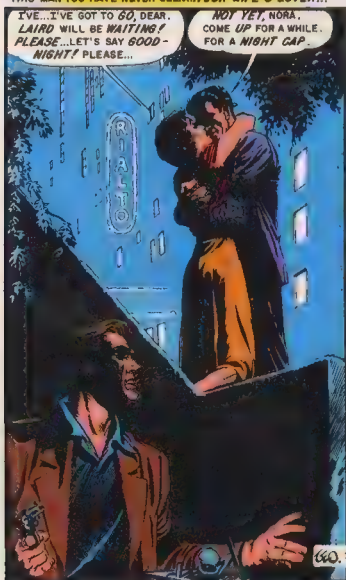
DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?



THE END

# As Ye Sow...

YOU STAND SILENTLY, TENSELY, IN THE SHADOWS, AND YOU LISTEN. YOU LISTEN TO THE VOICES AND THEIR EAGER LOVERS' WORDS. YOU LISTEN, INHALING THE LIGHT GUST OF COOL NIGHT AIR THAT CARRIES THE FAMILIAR SCENT OF HER PERFUME. YOU LISTEN, BUT THERE ARE NO MORE EAGER SOFT WORDS... ONLY THE HEATED SOUNDS OF THEIR PASSION. AND YOU KNOW THAT SHE IS IN HIS ARMS... IN THE ARMS OF THIS MAN YOU HATE... THIS MAN YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN... *YOUR WIFE'S LOVER...*



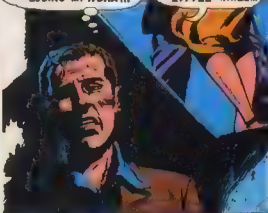
I'VE...I'VE GOT TO GO, DEAR. LAIRD WILL BE WAITING! PLEASE...LET'S SAY GOOD-NIGHT! PLEASE...

NOT YET, NORA. COME UP FOR A WHILE. FOR A NIGHT CAP.

YOUR NAME IS LAIRD KIMBALL. YOU STAND IN THE STAIR-WELL BESIDE THE OLD BROWNSTONE'S STOOP, AND YOUR SWEATING HAND GRIPS THE GUN IN YOUR POCKET TIGHTER...TIGHTER...AS EACH PAINFUL WORD DRIFTS DOWN TO YOU FROM ABOVE...

I'VE...I'VE GOT TO KILL HIM! I'M LOSING HER. I'M LOSING MY NORA...

ALL RIGHT, DARLING! BUT JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE...



FOOTSTEPS ABOVE...A DOOR OPENING. YOU RUSH FORWARD, PULLING THE GUN FROM YOUR POCKET. YOU MOUNT THE STEPS TWO AT A TIME, FLING OPEN THE FRONT DOOR AS THE INNER DOOR CLICKS SHUT...



BLAST IT! LOCKED!

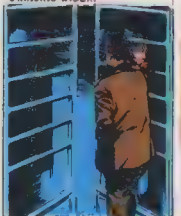
Geo. Evans



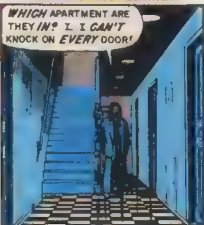
YOU LISTEN TO THE FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY BEHIND THE CURTAINED LOCKED FOYER DOOR. YOU LOOK AROUND FRANTICALLY. YOU SEE THE NEAT LINE OF BRASS MAILBOXES WITH THEIR LITTLE BLACK BUTTONS...



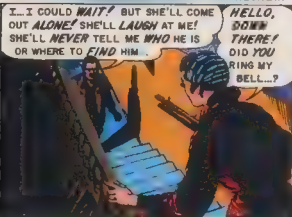
YOU *PUSH* ONE... *ANYONE*. YOU WAIT FOR THE UNHAPPY SOMEONE TO ANSWER. AND THEN... THE LONG SHARP IRRITATING BUZZING... THE LOCK CLICKING OPEN... THE DOOR SWINGING WIDE...



YOU STEP INSIDE. THE HALL WITHIN IS DARK AND DESERTED, LINED WITH SILENT DOORS. THE STAIRCASE IS EMPTY, LEADING UP TO MORE SILENT CLOSED DOORS. YOU HESITATE...



YOU STAND STIFFLY... ANGRY... FRUSTRATED... GRIPPING THE GUN. YOU'VE *MISSSED YOUR CHANCE*. THE TWO OF THEM... YOUR WIFE, NORA... AND THAT MAN... WHO-EVER HE IS... ARE UP THERE SOMEWHERE... ALONE...

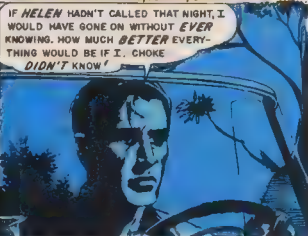


HELLO, DOWN THERE! DID YOU RING MY BELL...?

SOMEONE HAS *SEEN* YOU. IT'S *NO GOOD NOW*. YOU TURN AND LEAVE, IGNORING HER INSULTS. YOUR CAR IS PARKED DOWN THE BLOCK. YOU'D *FOLLOWED* THEM IN IT... *FOLLOWED* THEM *ALL NIGHT*... SEEN HER *MEET* HIM... SEEN IT *ALL*. YOU WALK THE SHORT LONELY DISTANCE...



HIS FACE! IF ONLY YOU'D SEEN HIS FACE. GOTTEN A GOOD LOOK AT IT, BUT, NO! LUCK HAD BEEN AGAINST YOU ALL EVENING. YOU DRIVE HOME, SLOWLY, CRYING INSIDE



THE HOUSE IS EMPTY AND LONELY WITHOUT NORA IN IT. LIKE A TOMB... WITH THE CHILL OF DEATH. YOU POUR YOURSELF A DRINK. YOU LOOK AROUND, SADLY



YOU SIT DOWN IN YOUR FAVORITE CHAIR... THE ONE NORA BOUGHT ESPECIALLY FOR YOU. AND YOU REMEMBER HOW IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING... WHEN YOU WERE FIRST MARRIED... YOU AND NORA. HER TEARS OF HAPPINESS...

IT'S ALL SO WONDERFUL, LAIRD. I'VE NEVER HAD A HOME OF MY OWN!

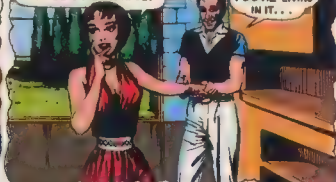
IT'S NOT QUITE A HOME YET, DEAR. THERE'S FURNITURE TO PICK OUT, AND RUGS...



YOU REMEMBER HER CHILDLIKE ENTHUSIASM AS SHE MADE PLANS...

...AND A MAHOGANY TABLE OVER THERE! I WANT EVERYTHING TO BE IN MAHOGANY! OH, DARLING... IT'LL BE SO BEAUTIFUL!

I'M SURE IT WILL, BABY... AS LONG AS YOU'RE LIVING IN IT...



IT WAS LESS THAN A YEAR AFTER YOU WERE MARRIED, YOU REMEMBER, THAT NORA SEEMED TO WITHDRAW INTO HERSELF. SHE GREW COLD...

WHAT IS IT, NOW? IS IT SOMETHING I'VE SAID OR DONE?

IT'S... NOTHING, LAIRD. I'M JUST... BORED, I GUESS!



WE COULD GO OUT, NORA. THE BOOTHS ASKED US TO STOP IN FOR A FEW DRINKS...

THE BOOTHS... THE CLARKS... THE DELSONS... ALL YOUR OLD FRIENDS! I'M SICK OF THEM... EVERY NIGHT... NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.



YOU... YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH TO DO, NORA. YOU NEED AN INTEREST. IF WE HAD CHILD...

NO! NO CHILDREN! I'M NOT READY TO TIE MYSELF DOWN. I'VE GOT SOME LIVING TO DO... A LOT OF LIVING!



YOU RECALL THAT LOOK ON NORA'S FACE, LAIRD. YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU THOUGHT IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS... THOSE STRANGE MOODS... OF A WOMAN...

BUT THINGS WERE NEVER REALLY THE SAME AFTER THAT NIGHT. I WAS A FOOL NOT TO HAVE RECOGNIZED IT THEN. I THOUGHT IT WAS SUCH A GOOD THING WHEN SHE MADE FRIENDS OF HER OWN... HELEN... AND THOSE OTHERS...



YOU REMEMBER HOW THERE WERE SELDOM ANY NIGHTS AT HOME ALONE TOGETHER AFTER THAT... NOW NORA WOULD WAIT BY THE PHONE...

IT'S... HELEN, LAIRD. WOULD IT BE ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO PLAY BRIDGE AGAIN, TONIGHT?

OF... COURSE, DEAR! YOU... RUN ALONG! I'LL HIT THE HAY EARLY TONIGHT.



YOU REMEMBER HOW HELEN TOOK SICK. AND YOU THINK BACK TO HOW IT SEEMED THAT SHE WOULD NEVER GET WELL...

HELEN IS ALONE TONIGHT, LAIRD. WOULD YOU MIND...?

N-NO, OF COURSE NOT, DEAR. GO AHEAD OVER.



YOU REMEMBER THOSE FEW TIMES YOU REACHED THE PHONE BEFORE NORA...AND THERE WOULD BE NO ONE THERE...JUST A CLICK...AND THEN THAT AWFUL SILENCE...



BUT YOU NEVER SUSPECTED THE TRUTH, DID YOU LAIRD? NOT UNTIL THAT NIGHT, LAST WEEK, WHEN HELEN CALLED...

ME? WHY, I'VE BEEN JUST FINE, LAIRD. BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN YOUR WIFE IN A DOG'S AGE. IS SHE IN? LET ME TALK TO HER...

NORA... IS... OUT... CHOKED... HELEN!



SO YOU STARTED FOLLOWING NORA AFTER THAT NIGHT. AND YOU SAW HER MEET HIM. BUT YOU NEVER SAW THE MAN CLOSE ENOUGH TO MAKE OUT HIS FACE...



THERE WAS ALWAYS SOME TRICK OF FATE WHICH PREVENTED YOU FROM FOLLOWING THEM. A TRAFFIC LIGHT...A CLOSING SUBWAY DOOR...



YOUR FRUSTRATIONS MADE YOU HATE NORA'S LOVER ALL THE MORE. YOU BOUGHT A GUN. YOU FOLLOWED THEM ALL THE WAY TONIGHT...TO THAT BROWNSTONE STOOP...

I'VE GOT TO KILL HIM! I'M LOSING HER! I'M LOSING MY NORA...

ALL RIGHT, DARLING. BUT JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE...



THE DOOR SLAMS. YOUR REVERIE ENDS. NORA HAS RETURNED FROM HER TRYST...

HOW WAS... HELEN, TONIGHT, NORA?

MUCH BETTER, LAIRD! YOU... DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT UP FOR ME!



YOU STAND BEFORE HER, AND YOUR HEART BEATS WILDLY... WITH A JEALOUS PASSION... IN YOUR CHEST...

YOU'RE LYING, NORA! HELEN CALLED HERE A FEW NIGHTS AGO. SHE HASN'T BEEN SICK! SHE HASN'T EVEN SEEN YOU...

IS THAT SO? ALL RIGHT! SO WHAT?



I'LL KILL HIM, NORA! SO HELP ME GOD, I'LL KILL HIM!

YOU! YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE GUTS!



YOU ACHIEVE FOR HER... YOU LONG TO TAKE HER IN YOUR ARMS... ERASE ALL THIS... MAKE IT AS IT WAS SO LONG AGO...

NORA... PLEASE...

DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T COME NEAR ME! I COULDN'T STAND IT!



PLEASE, NORA! DON'T DO THIS! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! DON'T THROW AWAY ALL THIS...

LEAVE ME ALONE, WILL YOU? I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING. I'M LEAVING ON THE EIGHT O'CLOCK TRAIN FOR MIAMI, LAIRD. THE CHAMPION! COME SEE ME OFF... IF YOU LIKE...



YOU'D INTENDED NOT TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT YOU KNEW, BUT THE TRUTH FORCES ITS WAY THROUGH YOUR ANGRY LIPS...

I FOLLOWED YOU TONIGHT, NORA! I SAW YOU GO UP TO HIS APARTMENT! THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING ALL THESE NIGHTS...

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?!



YOU HOPE THAT A NEW DAY WILL MAKE THINGS BETTER... BUT WHAT LITTLE IS LEFT OF YOUR WORLD BLOWS UP IN YOUR FACE THE NEXT MORNING...



HER BRAZEN DEFIANCE... THE WHOLE SORDID AFFAIR. IT SETS YOUR BRAIN AFIRE... AFIRE WITH ONE BURNING IDEA...

GOOD-BYE, LAIRD! IT WAS NICE... WHILE IT LASTED!

I'VE... I'VE GOT TO KILL HIM, NOW! I'VE GOT TO... BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!





YOU START OUT. YOU HAVE THE GUN.  
BUT YOU CAN'T FORGET WHAT SHE  
SAID LAST NIGHT...



YOU NEED A DRINK...SOMEONE TO  
WHOM YOU CAN POUR OUT YOUR  
TROUBLES. YOU FIND BOTH IN A  
TINY BAR...DOWNTOWN...

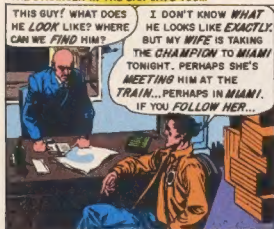


YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO IT  
*YOURSELF*, BUB. THERE  
ARE *GUYS*! I COULD  
TELL YOU WHERE TO GO  
TO *HIRE* ONE OF 'EM...  
WHO TO SEE. BUT IT'LL  
COST YOU A *FIN*...

HERE...  
HERE'S  
YOUR  
MONEY!  
TELL ME  
QUICKLY!



YOU HURRY TO YOUR BANK. YOU DRAW OUT MONEY.  
LOTS OF MONEY. AND YOU GO TO THE ADDRESS  
THE STRANGER IN THE BAR GAVE YOU...



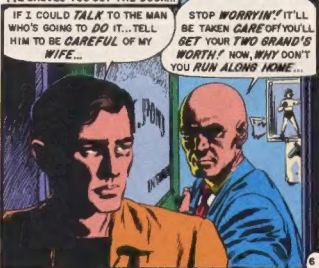
GOT A PICTURE OF YOUR WIFE. MY  
BOYS'VE GOT TO HAVE *SOMETHIN'*  
TO GO ON!



YOU HAND HIM THE PICTURE YOU ALWAYS CARRY OF  
NORA...BEAUTIFUL...BEAUTIFUL NORA...



HE SHOVS YOU OUT THE DOOR...



YOU GO HOME...AND YOU WAIT. YOU THINK OF WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO WHEN NORA COMES BACK... WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY...

THERE WON'T BE ANYWHERE ELSE FOR HER TO GO. SHE'LL HATE ME FOR A WHILE. THEN, THINGS WILL BE LIKE THEY WERE...

WHEN THE TIME DRAWS NEAR, YOU LEAVE YOUR APARTMENT, WALK DOWN THE HALL...

I'VE GOT TO ESTABLISH AN ALIBI...PROVE I WAS HOME AT 8PM... FIND A RELIABLE WITNESS...

YOU RING YOUR NEIGHBOR'S BELL...

AND AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, THE STORES ARE ALL CLOSED... SO IF YOU COULD HELP ME OUT, I'D BE SO GRATEFUL...

A LIGHT BULB, KIMBALL? SURE! YOU CAN BORROW ONE! I'LL GET IT...

J.A. ADO

YOU SIT IN YOUR ROOM, FINGERING THE LIGHT BULB. THE CLOCK STRIKES EIGHT. YOU SIGH. IN YOUR MIND'S EYE, YOU SEE THE KILLER SPOTTING NORA...FOLLOWING HER TO HER LOVER...

NORA STANDS IN THE OPEN DOORWAY, BAGS IN HANDS, HER EYES FILLED WITH TEARS. SHE DROPS HER SUITCASES AND RUSHES INTO YOUR EAGER WAITING ARMS...

LAIRD... SOB...

HUH?! NORA! BABY!

OH, LAIRD! I'VE BEEN SUCH A SILLY FOOL! I REALIZED IT AT THE TRAIN! IT'S YOU I LOVE, DARLING...YOU I'LL ALWAYS LOVE. I KNOW THAT, NOW. CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?

OH, NORA! NORA! OF COURSE I FORGIVE YOU! I... LOVE...YOU...

YOU LOOK UP. YOU SEE HIM THERE...HIS ICY FACE... HIS COLD EYES...THE BLACK MUZZLE OF THE GUN POINTING AT YOU...

WE'LL HAVE BABIES, LAIRD. LOTS OF BABIES! AND I'LL...I'LL...

NO! WAIT! DON'T! IT'S ALL RIGHT, NOW! IT'S ALL RIGHT! I'M...

THE EXPLOSION, ECHOING THROUGH THE APARTMENT. THE STINGING PAIN IN YOUR CHEST. THE CHILL OF DEATH THAT SWEEPS OVER YOU AS YOU SINK TO THE FLOOR. AND NORA'S VOICE, SOBBING...

LAIRD! LAIRD, MY DEAREST! DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE! OH, GOD...GOD...

THESE ARE THE LAST THINGS YOU HEAR, LAIRD KIMBALL, BEFORE...  
THE END...